

# The last Nightfury

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Summary: This is just a small drabble about what it would feel like for an outcast Nightfury. This is not toothless, but i thought it would work anyway. Hope you enjoy.

## The last Nightfury

It was cold, not to say it was any colder than an average expected night on Dragon Island, but that's just how it was. Shade was a dragon who had never seen let alone ventured into the breaths of a normal welcoming home. Her settlements consisted of speedily dug dens, and mounds of earth of some shape, and something they knew as a tree.

Although no different to any of her clan, Shade was simply an outcast, the reason why evaded her imagination, but this level of hermit ship led her to sleep away from the clan, trees, bushes, once by a waste pit, however Shade though it was best not to try that again. It lead her to eat the scraps thrown away by even the hatchlings, leaving her to sulk meaningless to the world. It never did cross her mind that they shared this view upon her because of her power, making her feel weak would be a good way to pull down her defenses. And she didn't even understand how her parents died saving dragons from the Queen.

>It all made her who she was now. A monster, a hermit, alone, cold...Flying. The last Nightfury.<p>

\*\*Its short, it makes no sense. But i thought i would give a veiw of what it might feel like to be a Nightfury. to strong and dangerous, an outcast. \*\*

End  
file.